

Putting Up With It by HarryTrumanWilson

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Summary:

Jonathan is dragged to a party by his lovers, but there, he ends up waiting around, which gives him time to start to think about how much they really like him. Day 2 of Stoncy Week: In the Meantime. (M is for sexual situations and a little bit of language)

Putting Up With It

“In the meantime...I can just wait...” Jonathan said, rubbing down his wet hair. He was naked, standing behind a toweleling off Nancy who was looking herself over on one side of the mirror. To her right was Steve, with his towel around his waist, focused on his reflection in the other side. They were at his house, getting ready for something that honestly, Jonathan didn’t even want to go to. But, Steve was home from college, Nancy had been planning on going to this for a while, and besides, it was the social event of their school year.

“Sorry Jonathan...but it takes me a little longer to get ready...” Nancy said, drying off her hair. Jonathan got a nice long view of her naked upper half, and started tapping on his leg. Then again, the three of them had to have orgasmed at least three times each between the bedroom and shower.

“Yeah...I’m sorry too...” Steve muttered, glancing at Jonathan through the mirror, “But this hair doesn’t just happen...”

“I know...” Jonathan said, continuing to wipe himself off. Nancy tied her towel around her body, then grabbed a hair-dryer and started blowing the hot air around her head. She used the blower for a while, humming *Twist of Fate*, then handed it to Steve, who started the same process, though he was whistling *Sunglasses at Night* instead. Jonathan watched them, then put the towel down and went to one of Steve’s drawers. He opened it to reveal a lot of cans of Farah Fawcett hair-spray behind several bottles of different fancy lotions. Or actually “moisturizers,” according to their labels.

“Do you just go through the drawers of everyone you visit?” Steve asked, still blowing his hair.

“Only the ones he has sex with...” Nancy said, plugging in her curling iron, “You should have seen him wandering through my room looking at stuff.”

“Hmph, I’ll bet your drawers were more interesting...” Steve glanced at the bottles then at Jonathan, “You need some man?”

“Did you not bring any in your bag, Jonathan?” Nancy asked.

“I just have my toothbrush. And a regular brush...”

“Poor kid...” Steve muttered, then signaled with the blow-dryer, “Take what you need. I only use Tom Cruise bottles anyway...” Jonathan looked around the set of lotions, then picked up one and squirted some onto his hand. It smelled really nice, like a forest just after it rained. Which made sense, being that the bottle said “Rainforest Dream.” Jonathan took another long whiff of the moisturizer, then started rubbing some on his arm. It felt so nice, much nicer than those old, leftover lotions his mom was always bringing home from Melvalds.

“Here...” Nancy said, lowering the iron and looking at Jonathan, “Let me get your back...” Jonathan, obligingly, turned around and held out the lotion. He heard Nancy squirt some out, then felt her cold fingers rubbing the substance up and down his back. His nostrils were filled with the scent and Nancy’s soothing traces up and down his back was calming...until her hands slipped down and started circling his butt cheeks.

“Nance!” Jonathan yelped, scooting forward and almost into Steve, “I can...do that myself.” He glanced back at Nancy, and saw a sensual smile on her face.

“No need to be modest, Jonathan...I’ll take care of it...”

“Heh...” Steve let out a laugh, then turned and took the moisturizer from Nancy, “You only got your arms, right?”

“Yeah...but...you guys need to work on getting ready...”

“You’ll need to be ready too...” Steve said, squirting out the lotion and starting to rub it around Jonathan’s chest, spending a long time with one thumb on the boy’s right nipple, “Wouldn’t want you to be...too dry at the party...”

“Besides, you were such a good sport in the shower...and...we’ve got about an hour till we should go...” Nancy said, her hands going back to his cheeks. Jonathan glanced at her, and wanted to move, but the

sensual massage he was getting from both sides was hard to resist.

"We could do a lot in the meantime..." Steve whispered, leaning in to Jonathan's neck.

"A whole lot..."

"Guys...guys! We just did it in there..." Jonathan said, squeezing out from between the two, and pointing at the shower, "And in your bedroom there. And on your couch. You two need to get ready! Let me go and grab my under...Steve!" Jonathan yelped at Steve grabbed hold of the younger boy's member.

"You got one more in you...I can feel it pumping in there..." Jonathan slipped through Steve's lotion greased fingers and covered up his front.

"Dammit, Steve! I...I'm going to save it until after the party! Tonight!"

"Fine...boring..." Steve said, taking his towel off and flinging it at Jonathan's face, "Hang this up over there..."

"Jesus, Steve!"

"I've got to moisturize too, Nance!" Steve said, then went to the back of his lotion and hair-spray filled drawer and pulled out a bottle that had a smiling picture of Tom Cruise on it. Steve squirted a handful out and started rubbing all over his chest, down to his rear, then around to his sizeable cock. Jonathan felt himself stiffen as he watched his naked lover, then stood up quickly and hurriedly went for his clothes before he ended up having sex again. Jonathan seized his small duffle bag, a tiny thing next to Steve's luggage from college and Nancy's enormous suitcase for the weekend, and pulled out his briefs, a long sleeve shirt and jeans. Once dressed, Jonathan went down the main staircase of Steve's house. It led to the Harringtons' expansive kitchen, then, past the sunroom, Jonathan could see out to his pool. He has spent a few hours in there, and in the hot tub; once, the three of them had tried to do it out there, but mostly they just got tired and it was nowhere near as enjoyable as they had hoped. He went over to the sun room, grabbed a magazine and began waiting.

He could hear the loud spraying of Steve's hair product and then a lot of complaining from Nancy as she tried to get her make-up right. Jonathan flipped through both Forbes and the three Fishing Magazines on the table, then drummed his fingers and keep waiting, maybe for half an hour. Once his hair dried, he brushed it down a few times, creating his signature look, then went and checked it in the mirror. Here he was, at Steve's house, his hair fixed up, wearing a leather jacket and jeans, party type clothes, and smelling like a rainforest. When he'd fought Steve over his camera and missing brother, he never would have imagined this. Heck, he never would have imagined going to one of Ally Veyemer's parties either. But...his lovers really wanted to go, and wanted him to go, so...in the meantime...he just had to put up with it.

About an hour later (and thus a half hour late to the party) Steve finally came downstairs in a denim jacket, button up and jeans. He smelled of...well...what Jonathan imagined the final scene in *All the Right Moves* smelled like. Steve smiled at him, then grabbed up a mint from a bowl on a nearby counter, checking his breath with a few quick puffs in his hand.

"Here Byers. You want one?"

"Yeah..." Jonathan said, holding out a hand. Steve picked up a mint, then put it directly into the younger boy's mouth. Jonathan drew back, then Steve rolled his eyes and plopped down right next to him on the couch.

"Is Nancy ready?" Jonathan asked.

"She's almost done with her eye-liner..." Steve said, sighing, "How long you been down here?"

"I dunno. 30 minutes? Maybe more..."

"Jeez...Sorry man...how come it only takes you a few minutes to look so good? Even your hair is just right..." Steve ran a hand through Jonathan's bangs, then let his finger slip down Jonathan's face, "Also, Thanks...for coming with us. I know you don't like parties..."

“It’s okay. I can handle it...”

“Well I appreciate it anyway. This party used to be so fun...though, now that I’m older, I guess...I don’t know...I suppose I’ll have to act like I’m just a friend of you and Nancy too, huh?”

“Yeah, everyone at school just knows Nancy and I are dating...and I doubt brother and his friends would...understand our relationship...”

“Yeah...” Steve said, trailing off, “Anyway for tonight, when I do this...” Steve reached out a hand and put it around the younger boy’s shoulder, squeezing it reassuringly, “It actually means this...” Steve’s moved in slowly, started to kiss him. At first, Jonathan let Steve’s lips brush his, then they embraced the kiss more deeply, letting their tongues meet and mixing their mouths. Finally, Steve released him, then drew back and smiled.

“You got it?”

“I got it...”

“Jesus, we need to get out of this house...” Steve and Jonathan turned to back to where Nancy was standing with her arms crossed and a purse over her shoulder, “Before one of you gets pregnant...” She was in a long blue and grey dress, and her hair curled around her face. Her makeup was perfect, and Jonathan couldn’t draw his eyes from how pretty she looked.

“You’re ready? But...didn’t you have to...”

“I’ll finish my nails in the car. We’re already almost an hour late. Let’s go...” Nancy said with a wave. Steve jumped up and grabbed his keys from his counter, but before he could go, Jonathan threw out a hand and grabbed Steve’s shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze. Steve grinned at him, then leaned in and pecked him on the lips.

“One more, just to remind me...” Steve said. Jonathan smiled back, then put a hand around Steve’s face and pulled him in for a long, hard embrace.

“Nancy!” Ally yelled as she opened her front door. She clasped her hands around the girl and pulled her in for a very superficial hug.

“Hey Ally!” Nancy said, amiably. Jonathan, in reality, couldn’t stand that girl, but as soon as she saw Jonathan she let out an excited squeal.

“Jonathan! Oh how good you could come...” Ally grabbed Jonathan and hugged him, much to his chagrin, then drew back and looked over his outfit for a few seconds. The girl was in a rather short, green and blue dress, and her make-up and hair looked like she’d spent a long time and a lot of money on it. She smelled like it too, like she was one of those women in department stores who sprayed passing customers with perfume. Jonathan felt very underdressed, and was about to apologize when Ally let out a really ecstatic cry.

“Steve! You’re back! Here! For my party? Steve Harrington...”

“I wouldn’t miss it, girl...” Steve said, holding out his hands and letting her hug him tightly.

“Well, don’t just stand there, come in, come on...” Ally pulled Steve forward with one hand and put her arm around Nancy with the other. Soon, the girls were talking about something Jonathan didn’t really care to hear. Steve, meanwhile, was cheered as soon as he entered the party, and thus pretty quickly escorted to the backyard where a keg was getting set up. Jonathan turned to see that Nancy was now surrounded by girls, popular ones, and they began talking about what each one was wearing and why. Nancy’s short time being officially with Steve had boosted her social position at school and as a result, she spent a lot of time with the “cool” kids at “cool” events, like this shindig. This, of course, despite her dating the social outcast and weirdo of their grade. But, since she was dating that guy, he had to come...to everything. Jonathan sighed loudly, then got a big blue solo cup full of some punch and went to a couch in the main room. There, he had a perfect vantage point to watch a small group dancing badly to horrible disco music pumping out of a small boom box. In fact, it was so bad, that he had to get up and refill his drink before the next song came on.

“Hey, you wanna dance?” a red-head girl in a far too tight dress

asked as he was going back toward his spot on the couch.

"No...thanks though..." he said, waving her away. He took a long sip of his drink, returned to his spot and continued to wait around and watch the boys and girls make fools of themselves in front of the boom box. His mood was turning sour, which led to him get up and get another drink. It wasn't that he didn't like drinking, or dancing, or talking to people. He just didn't want to do any of that in a crowd. Or at a party. Or with people he didn't know. But...for Nancy and Steve...he supposed he'd put up with it. He grabbed his new drink and saw that the girl, who was looking increasingly unsteady and disheveled, had scoured the party and finally found someone to dance with...Steve. The older boy, who was also looking pretty drunk, stumbled out to the dance floor and started...well...pumping his arms and shaking. Jonathan wouldn't have called it dancing, and he doubted a sober Steve would have either. Jonathan watched for a while until a different girl, someone he vaguely remembered as Stacy, who had a big mess of blond-brown hair tied up on her head and a low cut dress that was showing Jonathan more than he wanted to see, walked up next to the younger boy and smiled at him. She held out a blue solo cup worth of punch.

"Need another?"

"Yeah..." Jonathan took it and threw back a few swallows. He then noticed he had drinks both his hand, and finished one quickly, tossed the cup and started to fill the other back up.

"Byers, you see Harrington there? That poor boy. He used to be so cool. Now he's deteriorated to dancing with Carol. His best friend's ex..." Stacy said.

"I...that's Carol?" Jonathan asked, lowering the drink and feeling some of it dripping down his face. Looking closer, he could see that the drunken red head was indeed the same girl who had so cruelly mocked and insulted him. When he'd taken illicit pictures of Nancy and Steve.

"So stupid..." Jonathan muttered, grinding his teeth, then gulping down the rest of the drink.

"I know, Steve can do much better. And she's just...well...such a slut. Especially since she left high school. Ugh..." Stacy groaned, then pointed at the boy, "He's at college though, I bet he's just so used to getting all the girls, that he'll just take whatever's here..." Jonathan glanced at her, then at Steve. What if he was sleeping around? Down at IU, Steve was known as the life of the party. And he was hot... really attractive, which meant he could have whoever he wanted. One night, while they were naked and cuddled together, Steve had told Jonathan that he'd been attracted to other guys in the past. And he'd left a long list of girls in high school. Had he'd stayed faithful when he was at Bloomington? Then again, what was there to stay faithful to? Nancy and he pretended like Steve didn't really matter. They acted as if he was just a friend. Why would he act like the three of them were anything but friends with extra benefits?

"Cheating man-whore..." Jonathan grumbled, then took another sip of his drink. Or tried to take another sip. But he couldn't, it was empty. He blew out his breath and looked at Starry again. Or Stacy, whatever her name was, "How many times did Steve sleep with you?"

"Why do you care?" the girl spat, suddenly offended. Jonathan eyed her, then started to walk away. "Probably more times than you've had sex in your whole life, jerk!" she grunted at him as he moved toward the punch bowl. Before he could get there, a hand slipped around his shoulder and gripped him tightly. He turned around to see Steve. The whore...

"Hey, Byers!" he said, giving the younger boy another squeeze on the shoulder. Jonathan knew what that meant. But he didn't care. He turned back to look at the punch, but Steve tugged at his shoulder "Hey, where you going? Are you okay?"

"Why do you care? I don't ask you where you're going in college..." Jonathan muttered. Why was he being this mean? And why was the punch bowl so far away?

"What? Byers, wait, what are you trying to..." Steve pulled him back and Jonathan turned suddenly, flipping his cup away. In an instant, he'd shoved Steve back, which led to him bumping into Carol and spilling her drink all over his shirt. Jonathan frowned at him for a

moment more, then suddenly felt regret and disgust with his own behavior. Why had he done that? Why was he such a jerk? Jonathan moved toward Steve, but the older boy slapped the hands back and looked over the jacket.

“This thing is ruined, dammit...”

“Steve...I’m sorry, I...”

“Don’t sweat it, Byers...if you don’t want me around, I’ll just fuck off!” Steve said, increasing in volume. Jonathan swallowed hard, trying to stay cool, but he knew he’d really messed up. Steve stomped into the bathroom and left Jonathan standing there.

“Jonathan? What the shit?” Nancy asked, suddenly appearing beside him and grabbing his arm. Jonathan looked at her, then put his hand around her back and pulled her in.

“I...do you think Steve...sleeps around...like he used to...”

“What kind of question is that? You idiot...is that why you pushed him?”

“I...well...if he...”

“He’s a college kid who comes back to the most boring town in Indiana and goes to high school parties to be with us, Jonathan. And he’s...you know...” Nancy waved her hand, then leaned in, “He’s with us, but it’s a secret. We’re the ones who are jerks for making him do stuff like this...” Nancy started to go toward the bathroom, when a guy bumped into her and started trying to chat with her. She at first tried to get around him, then sighed and listened to him, mostly shaking her head. Jonathan watched her, then grinded his teeth again. She was right. It wasn’t Steve who was cheating...even though the extent of their relationship wasn’t public, Jonathan had still been to college parties with Steve when he visited. Steve spent most of it winking at Jonathan and whispering to them about who would be in who that night. But Nancy...what was she doing all those nights she had to study? Why hadn’t she visited Steve as often as he had? Maybe Steve knew something. Jonathan hurried past her to the bathroom, where Steve was wiping down his jacket with a set of

towels.

“Ruined. Son of a bitch...”

“Steve...I...sorry...”

“It’s fine, Byers. I get it, you’re tired of sharing Nancy with me ...but I just wish that you didn’t have to get the spiked punch on my jacket...”

“I...” Jonathan reached out and started wiping him down, then looked him in the eye, “No...it’s not you. But...Nancy...”

“She wanted you to do this?” Steve said, his eyes growing wide in horror. Jonathan shook his head, then pointed out of the bathroom.

“Do you think...she...maybe is sleeping around?” Steve looked Jonathan over, then put the back of his hand to the younger boy’s forehead.

“Are you feeling okay Byers? Did someone give you LSD? Or some pill? Or powder?”

“No, Steve...don’t you get it. They...she could be...using us. Maybe she doesn’t really care. Maybe she...” Jonathan couldn’t finish the thought. The next thing to come out was puke, thankfully onto the floor and not onto Steve’s jacket. After a moment, rough arms moved him over to the toilet, where he continued to puke up alcohol and distrust. In the meantime, he felt Steve’s hands rubbing him down his back, and eventually he thought he heard Nancy’s voice saying something. Then, Jonathan missed a few minutes before he woke up in the back of Steve’s car. He sat up and saw Nancy driving and Steve looking out of the window. Neither were speaking, and Jonathan knew he really messed up.

“Guys?”

“Go back to sleep...” Steve said. Nancy looked at him in the mirror, but didn’t say anything.

“I...I’m sorry guys. I drank too much...and I...I...” Jonathan started.

"Why did you think we were cheating on you?" Nancy asked, looked back at him.

"Both of us, man?" Steve asked.

"I...I don't know...I just...the alcohol was talking..."

"Do you really think we're doing that to you?" Nancy asked. Jonathan paused, trying to straighten his thoughts out, then shook his head.

"No...I don't think I really believed it."

"Are you cheating on us?" Steve asked. Jonathan looked at him and lowered his head.

"No...because nobody else would ever sleep with me..."

"Jonathan, that's not true..."

"You don't have to be nice. I was a jerk tonight. But I think...maybe it's because I'm scared. I'm socially awkward and weird and I can act really stupid, with or without alcohol..." Jonathan said, staring at his shoes. They had dried puke on them, which made him feel even sicker, "And I ended up with King Steve and Princess Nancy. The hottest guy and hottest girl to ever go to our school..."

"Byers...cut it out..." Steve started, but Jonathan kept going.

"I imagine sometimes that you two really just like each other, and put up with me because you feel pity. If you...either of you...wants to leave me...because of what I did...I get it. Just...leave me at my house. Will should be home from Mike's..."

"Jonathan..." Nancy said, looking at him in the mirror, "Stop talking."

"But I..."

"Shut up. We're not cheating and we're not leaving you. You're drunk. And you're right. Sometimes you're stupid. Really stupid. But...we..." Nancy hesitated, then blew out her breath, "I still love

you. And I want to be with you...as long as you want it too..." she looked at Steve, who turned from the window back to look at Jonathan.

"Byers, I love you too. On your good days and bad. And don't think you can just get out of this relationship like that. How much I begged Nancy to bring me into this three-way, I'm not letting it fall apart because you got too drunk one night..."

"I...well..."

"Come on...we're staying at my house tonight...like we planned..." Steve said, turning forward again as they pulled into his driveway. Steve got out, then after a moment opened the door and picked up Jonathan, standing him up, "You said you were saving one more...for tonight..."

"I...well...I'm gross, Steve..." Jonathan muttered at Steve took him into his main room and dropped him on the couch.

"Not that gross...you've got to make up for that mess you made at Ally's party..." Steve helped Jonathan take off his left shoe, then both fought for some time to get the right off. It was clear Steve was drunk how he stumbled through getting his own shoes off, but then he ripped off his ruined denim jacket, flung off his stained shirt, then pulled apart Jonathan's jeans' button and undid the zipper.

"Steve..." Jonathan only murmured as Steve pulled down the younger boy's pants.

"Byers, do you really not want it?" Steve asked, sliding a hand around the boy's crotch.

"No...I...I want it..." Jonathan said weakly. Steve slipped two fingers through the boxer's fly and stroked Jonathan's hardness, which made the younger boy moan. And a little nauseous. After a moment, Jonathan, feeling very drunk, leaned forward suddenly and snatched a handful of Steve's hair. The older boy winced, then gripped Jonathan's member.

"What did you say, Byers?" Steve said, pumping the erection and

making Jonathan groan.

“I...want you...”

“Good...” Steve said. He pulled his hand out, then started tracing along Jonathan’s boxer’s elastic. Just before Steve pulled them down, Nancy came into the room and rolled her eyes at the two.

“Ugh...boys. I’m going to change. Try not to get pregnant while I’m gone,” She looked over the two boys and smiled, “I’ll be back...to get it out of you...” she turned and started up the stairs, then Jonathan looked at Steve, who pulled down Jonathan’s boxers and exposed his now pulsing, hard member. Steve licked his lips, then looked up into Jonathan’s eyes.

“Well, Byers...we can do a lot...in the meantime...”

Author's Note:

So, exciting but not too exciting. Just you wait for tomorrow...

I know this shifted halfway through, but I just let the story ride.

Also, thanks for any comments and kudos. Prepping for this week was actually really fun, and as you can probably tell, I'm not the most extensive fanfic writer. I do appreciate the support though!